

Clever and Mysterious Society Burglar Stories - - - Number

MARIE WALCOES

THE MYSTERIOUS

A STORY OF AN INGENUOUS BURGLARY AND ITS RESULT

BY ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Paul Van Der Pool, connoisseur of crime, comes upon a young fellow who is being cheated out of several million dollars by a crooked executor of his father's will. He receives an invitation to a fashionable masquerade at the house of his friend, Paul Van Der Pool, who is a Frenchwoman who dances and entertains several guests in the hall. The Frenchwoman who dances and entertains several guests in the hall. The Frenchwoman who dances and entertains several guests in the hall.

"No doubt about it. I have an idea of investigating old Judkins for you and I think it will work out all right. I will call into service a young lady who has helped me out on more than one occasion."

"A detective?" asked Tillingshaast with interest.

"Well, you might call her that," smiled Mr. Van Der Pool. "The idea is this: I will dress you out as a sort of boulevardier; you'll be a gentleman adventurer, and this young lady, wearing a gay red mask, will accompany you as a sort of lady adventurer."

"I see. Rather a novel masquerade. But what will the young lady do?" asked Tillingshaast anxiously.

"She will do what seems best to her. I can rely on her absolutely. The point is this. There will be a gay time at Judkins' on Friday night. During all the frolic and laughter it will be a good chance for you and the young lady, in disguise, to try and learn some facts about this new will which you suspect Judkins to be holding back from you."

"But how?" asked Tillingshaast.

"You do just as the young lady I am going to send you with tells you. I shall instruct her, and I miss my guess if she doesn't get an opportunity, under the guise of fun and frolic, to obtain data of real interest on that suppressed will. By the way, I suppose that celebrated chess room will be opened to the guests?"

"Yes, it always is on such occasions. It's something everybody wants to see, and it's remarkably cool and quiet down there."

"I see. Well, the time is very short and I must go. The young lady I send you is Miss Marie Jacques. Very French, isn't it? She will go to the Judkins' masquerade with you tomorrow night. You will be in the car with her. He'll see you through, sir," answered Bilkins confidently, straightening out a few wrinkles and contrasting the form of Tillingshaast to that of Mr. Van Der Pool, to the disparagement of the former.

"Feeling that he was quite a man again, with good clothes and real money at his disposal, Tillingshaast left the house and strode over into the stream of confident, pleasure-seeking people surging up and down Broadway."

He entered a theater, bought a single seat in a box, and enjoyed being back where familiar faces brightened in recognition of his, where jewels sparkled and beautiful women lured. It was the life to which he had always been accustomed, and he drank it in like a man after a long fast. He was not a man after a long fast. He was not a man after a long fast. He was not a man after a long fast.

CHAPTER IV.

A Realistic Make-Up.

Tillingshaast took the \$50 bill which Bilkins tendered him on behalf of Mr. Van Der Pool. He accepted the money out of friendship for his benefactor and at Bilkins' urging slipped out of his shabby clothes and into a fresh, soft evening suit belonging to Mr. Van Der Pool.

"It almost fits you. If you throw your shoulders back and keep your head up," suggested Bilkins.

"Oh, I could do that all right, if I were as fine a man as my owner; but I am afraid, Bilkins, I've let my nerve slip."

"Don't ever be afraid. Mr. Van Der Pool will pull you through, sir. He's got a heart as soft as a duster, sir, and as large as a prince's income. He'll see you through, sir," answered Bilkins confidently, straightening out a few wrinkles and contrasting the form of Tillingshaast to that of Mr. Van Der Pool, to the disparagement of the former.

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finding that safety secured will? Who was she? What would she do?

Several times he acknowledged bows and glances from the parties and studied grudgingly to himself, reflecting that these people could only recognize him now that he was well dressed and appeared to have money again. He had met only one real man who had professed true friendship for him during this awful period of poverty, and that man was Paul Van Der Pool.

After the opera Tillingshaast ate a little lunch at a gay and exclusive restaurant. Then he strolled back to Mr. Van Der Pool's room and sat waiting for several hours, hoping his benefactor would come in. At length, from lack of sleep, he was overcome and retired in the pleasant room reserved for him.

In the morning when he awakened, soft-footed Bilkins slipped in and prepared the bath for him.

"Where is Mr. Van Der Pool this morning?" asked Tillingshaast anxiously. I was rather hoping to see him before I went to bed last night."

"He seems to be busy with something. I believe he has gone out this morning. At least, he was not here when I left you that he would be occupied for some time rehearsing Miss Jacques for tonight and that he hoped you would pardon him and enjoy yourself as his guest in whatever way you best see fit. He gave me more money for you, if you need it."

Tillingshaast flushed. "Oh, no," he said. "I am already too deep in his debt. I have plenty left from last night. Mr. Van Der Pool is really too good. Has he given you any directions about my fancy dress tonight?"

"Yes," answered Bilkins promptly. "He suggested that you wear the dress clothes that fitted you so nearly last night; he gave me this black mask, which you must wear."

"Why?" cried Tillingshaast, putting on the domino. "I look quite like a highwayman."

"I believe that is the character in which you are to appear at the hall tonight. Is it not about right?"

"Why, yes. Something like that. But the thing has a startling effect."

"And you are to carry this electric light stick for Miss Jacques and learn to throw it about with good aim and hold it steady at command," said Bilkins. "Those were Mr. Van Der Pool's very words, sir."

"I shall do my best," laughed Tillingshaast, taking the long, black-handled stick, pressing the button and dancing about the room as though he were a character of extravagant fiction, or an actor on the stage.

"That is splendid. You must think up several things to go with your character, you know. You must have a revolver and flourish it occasionally," continued Bilkins, reaching into his pocket and extended a heavy, business-like revolver of steel blue toward Tillingshaast.

"Look out! That gun will go off. I don't know how to handle one at all," cried Tillingshaast.

"Then you must practice. Since you are to be in character, Mr. Van Der Pool insists that you know all about the part you are to play."

"Oh, I've shot the things several times. I'm not afraid of it, only it gave me a sort of a start, you know," said Tillingshaast. "I shall carry it very nicely. But look here! It's loaded!"

"Yes; to be sure. You must really play the part, sir. What would any one think of a bold adventurer with an empty gun; that is what Mr. Van Der Pool said, sir."

"Quite right. Quite right. But I shall feel like an arsenal with this hand lamp. Here looking mask and the revolver."

"That isn't all. See, here is a wicked-looking black bag, the kind all cracksmen carry," smiled Bilkins. "Mr. Van Der Pool says that Miss Jacques insists on taking that along, and that you being her escort, must carry it."

"It's a jolly good looking safe blow-ers bag," laughed Tillingshaast heartily. "I half believe that Miss Jacques is really a lady thief. Do you know her, Bilkins?"

"Not at all, sir; not at all; except that I have heard Mr. Van Der Pool mention her as a lady whom he highly esteemed."

"Right decent of him to take me in hand like this," remarked Tillingshaast. "I really don't know what I am to do, but I am confident something will actually come of it, and it's mighty good of Mr. Van Der Pool to take a chance to help me. I only wish I knew what I could do to assist him."

"He wishes you to follow the orders of Miss Jacques as you would those of a general. He says not to get rattled no matter what happens, sir. He wants you to keep the identity of Miss Jacques and if you should become separated in any way at the hall for you to return directly here."

"Rather a large order," cried Tillingshaast. "I wonder what will come out of it?"

CHAPTER V.

The Mysterious Partner.

At 8:30 that night Tillingshaast was all dressed for the Judkins ball. He had asked several times during the day for Mr. Van Der Pool, but Bilkins said each time that he was out.

As he picked up the mysterious black satchel and weighed it in his hand Tillingshaast suddenly turned to Bilkins with the exclamation, "Why, that bag is empty. Is there anything in it?"

"I couldn't say, sir. It's important to take the bag, I'm sure, for Miss Jacques sent it over for you by special messenger this morning—something very necessary in the part she is to play. I have no doubt."

"But it's locked! That black bag is too mysterious for me. I'd hate to have the police catch me with it."

"Oh," laughed Bilkins. "It's all a hoax, I'm sure. Mr. Van Der Pool says, sir, for you to keep your wits about you, to dance and play the part of a splendid gentleman adventurer all the time, and under no circumstances to take off your mask until Miss Jacques gives the word."

"But when am I to see this mysterious Miss Jacques?" asked Tillingshaast, impatiently.

"That I can't say. Mr. Van Der Pool is expecting you from her. He'll be here in a few minutes. In fact, I think he has just gone out to see why she is tardy."

At that moment a key turned in the lock and a man's hurried footsteps were heard.

"That's Mr. Van Der Pool now!" exclaimed Bilkins. "I'll just step out and see what orders he has, sir. If you'll be so good as to excuse me."

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CHAPTER VI.

Enter Miss Marie Jacques.

Even the staid butler, standing in his corner, felt a peculiar interest in the specially employed detective, smiling as Mr. Tillingshaast left his taxi and walked up the carpeted steps beneath the special canopy for the protection of the fancy costumes.

Tillingshaast, true to his character, daintily turned on his electric light stick and scrutinized the faces of the detectives, who laughed as the joke was turned on them. He handed his admission card to the butler, who led him up the brilliantly lighted ballroom, where scores of gay revellers were gathered for the dance.

The familiar scene of well-dressed people gorgeously costumed for a frolic stirred Tillingshaast. He loved nothing better; in an instant he was right at home and had forgotten the months of poverty and the dreary life of a detective.

Always a leader, that night he outdid himself. According to his instructions he repaired to the familiar old chess-room, where he found a small group of men waiting for him. He was to be introduced to the guests, according to Judkins' custom, for the people he entertained were always anxious to see the famous chess-player from his country.

The safe in which Tillingshaast had reason to believe his father's last will lay was banked with palms, and only the electric light, which shone from the ceiling, revealed the scene.

There were two little groups of people in the room already. Three couples all dressed alike in evening gowns, and a Harlequin painted like a white of candy danced a riotous measure with his Columbine before three others.

Tillingshaast took his stand in the middle of the floor, crouched low and threw the electric light stick into the air, and the thick walls deadened the sound as it struck the floor. He cleared his throat to attract attention and snapped on the electric light in his hand.

BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.

ROAD FROM PEAK TO PEAK.

From the Boston Transcript.

An extraordinary railroad is to run from Champlain, to France, via the Aqueduct du Midi, a precipitous needle rising 12,000 feet. Its object is to show tourists the unmatched glories of Mont Blanc and its chain of peaks and glaciers.

Instead of running on solid ground, however, like most of the Swiss mountain railroads, it is to go through the air on pylons and cables, swinging from peak to peak, far above the eternal snows.

The idea of constructing this railroad originated in the brain of Fidele Eugster, a Swiss living at Dijon, France, who is supplying the necessary funds for the construction. One million two hundred dollars has been raised.

The starting station of the line is situated down in the Valley of Champlain. To reach the power station above, where the traction cables are set in motion by electric motors, passengers are to ride in suspended cars with a seating capacity of twenty persons over 6,000 feet of cable suspended by twenty-seven pylons.

This lower station, at Pointe-aux-Francois, on the Alpinists' route up Mont Blanc, is at an altitude of more than a mile. From the power station to the third station, just under the shadow of the Aqueduct du Midi, is a second series of twenty-four pylons. The cable between these two stations is 4,000 feet long.

The view at this height is superb. Champlain is nearly a mile below, and from here one gets a good idea of the majesty of the Champlain alpine peaks such as the Aqueduct du Plan, the Blaitiere and the Charnoz.

At this station one changes cars and the system of transportation changes also. It is just as well, too, for the ascent has been so rapid and the change in the density of the air so great as to cause some of the passengers to feel dizzy. At station three, therefore, one may rest and get his breath for the most sensational yet to come. From now on one swings through the air.

The cars used on this last section are smaller, accommodating only sixteen persons. They are more like a basket.

The fourth station, altitude 3,300 feet, is situated on a pinnacle of granite almost opposite the Grand Mulets, and passengers stopping here will get an idea of what real Alpine life is like. For the Alpinists still do the Aqueduct du Midi from this place. This station, however, is little more than a relay for the objects which are being placed a tension pylon to relieve the strain. To this tension pylon, however, is an unbroken sweep of one-half mile and from the tension pylon to the summit of the mountain is a straight angle which the line takes varies from 30 to 60 degrees.

FIRE ALARMS DECREASE IN OLD "ARSON ZONE"

"Block 1672," Dreaded by New York Department, Has Turned Over a New Leaf.

New York, Oct. 18.—One hundred and one fires in three years is the record of a single city block in what has been known as New York's "arson zone." Few realize what this means in cost to the city and property owners. Any alarm in that section will bring out at least three engines and two hook and ladder trucks, with forty-four men, and to turn out each of these apparatus cost just \$5.

The totals for the '11 fire, therefore, are 566 pieces of apparatus used and 4,444 men called out at a cost of \$22,300. Damages suffered at three average fires of \$27,455 and \$23,000, respectively—each making the total loss for this block \$55,355.

That not one life was lost in all these fires will seem strange to one who does not realize that the people who care to live in such a place surely know all about fire—take them as a matter of course and are always ready.

Rarely do they even have to be rescued. However, "Block 1672," as this block is known, has washed its face and turned over a new leaf. As a result of special attention from the new bureau of fire prevention, it has furnished only two alarms during the present year.

OWNING RACE HORSES SPELLS BANKRUPTCY

Authority Points Out That Keeping a String of Ponies Is More Hazardous Than Betting Them.

"I know of no sorer way to the workhouse than owning race horses," said late Lord Falkland once said, and yet his lordship had a turf career of almost unexampled prosperity, winning no less than \$200,000 in stakes, says Pearson's Weekly. His expenses, however, were so heavy that he was compelled "to save himself from being ruined," as he said, to sell off all his race horses and break up his magnificent breeding stud at Mereworth, near Maidstone.

Lord George Bentinck, too, used to declare that if it had not been for his extraordinary luck in betting, his stud would have reduced him to bankruptcy in half a dozen years. How probable this was may be guessed from the fact that in a single year—1855—his expenses exceeded \$200,000, including such formidable items as Kent's training bill, £7,000 for the

year's traveling expenses, £2,000, turf, £2,000, and actual stakes nearly as large an amount.

The Prince Regent had at least his share of success on the turf, winning \$200,000 on stakes in four years; but so great was the cost of his stud that at one end of this period of exceptional good fortune he was \$200,000 out of pocket. And similar stories are told of almost every man who has owned race horses.

And this in spite of the enormous sums that are in won on the turf, as evidenced by the following facts: Within seven years Isomys's progeny won \$125,000 for their fortunate owners; Hampton's \$120,000, and Caloph's \$114,000, while in a single year Blackwell's descendants secured \$200,000 in stakes alone.

Taking individual horses, it is no difficult matter to name a dozen who have enriched their owners to the extent of \$400,000, a highly gratifying average of \$27,500 apiece. These great winners range from Ingalls and Donover, winners of \$27,455 and \$23,000, respectively—each horse thus earning more than his own weight in gold—Diamond Jubilee and Ormonde, who captured \$27,000 between them.

Flying Fox—one of the dozen—when his racing career was ended, was sold to M. Blanc for \$23,750, and Ormonde was bought for \$21,250, these two losses representing a year's income for every \$200,000. Nor must we forget the great horse Persimmon, who won for our late King in the enormous sum of \$24,700 in seven races and made history for the turf.

Such winnings as these become more phenomenal when we consider the expenses from which many of them sprang. Thus, the great Hampton, among whose descendants were three Derby winners, was actually sold as a two-year-old for 100 guineas; the price paid for Stockwell, sire of three Derby and six St. Leger winners, was \$100; Kilmacarty, 7th, sire of a yearling champion, was sold for \$200, and so on. It is not surprising, therefore, that many a horse owner has been ruined by his hobby.

A window recently patented by a French inventor consists of a number of pivoted sections, which may be moved to any desired angle by pulling a chain.

Not long ago an owner on a small scale, describing a successful period in his career, wrote: "I won \$2,250 in stakes, and was considered to have done extraordinarily well. My expenses for the year and a half were nearly \$4,000, and there was the price of the horse to be added. I have been racing for about thirteen years, and so far as I can make out I am between \$3,000 and \$10,000 poorer in consequence; but—and this is the aspiration—always before one I may land a happy coup some day and get home!"

The regular manicure dandy is in a class all by himself. You certainly have a job on your hands when he calls. He must have every attention, must be told many times how handsome he is, that his eyes are glorious, his complexion the real thing, and if they stand it, how you wish you had his teeth. Admire his hands, make special mention of his well kept nails, and how finely developed are his half-moons. This chap will always want to kiss you good-bye, which must never be quite permitted. Always keep him guessing, and you can count upon him for three more manicures a week.

I have but one more, and he is an important fellow; the bashful young man who never has had a manicure. You must be very careful not to hurt or scare him. Handle him carefully, and in a round-about way tell him how necessary it is to have the hands treated often. Directly let him know that it is the manicure that makes the difference between a rough and a smooth hand, and always makes a hit with the ladies. Flirt with him mildly and judiciously, but so that he will think more of coming to him, and he will go forth and bring you more customers than you could secure by six months' expensive advertising—and all this won't cost you a cent. Never refuse flowers and modest gifts, but shyly decline expensive presents that are merely suggested and not actually handed to you.

Just a few words about the fellow who drifts in once in a while to be cleaned up for some special occasion. He will not find fault with your work, nor pay

any compliments, but you must keep up a line of talk so he will not be embarrassed about the condition of his nails. This fellow will frequently send you a good customer.

The confirmed old bachelor is usually a fellow who has the female sex or woman, which is quite a bad. He rarely smiles, and as a rule is not talkative, but a clever girl can always win him over. Tell him a funny story, that may make him laugh, and he will come for more. You'll find that an old batch can skate on thinner ice than all the rest of the sex, once you get his started, but he has to fear that the water is warm.

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DEADLY DISEASE GERM STUDIED

Dr. Flexner and Noguchi Experiment with Infantile Paralysis Cultures.

GET EXCELLENT RESULTS

Noted Physicians of the Rockefeller Institute Make Valuable Contribution to Medical Science.

New York, Oct. 18.—Dr. Hiram Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and Dr. Hidyo Noguchi, one of his distinguished fellow-workers in that institution, have succeeded at last in cultivating artificially the germ that is responsible for epidemic poliomyelitis, commonly known as infantile paralysis. Their account of the experiment leading up to this long-hoped-for result appears in the current issue of the Journal of Experimental Medicine. After describing hitherto unsuccessful attempts to demonstrate the micro-organisms under the microscope and develop it in artificial culture, the writer says:

"During the several years that epidemic poliomyelitis has prevailed in the Eastern United States, we have collected many specimens from affected human beings and monkeys. Portions of nervous and other organs were regularly set aside in 10 per cent sterile glycerin in the refrigerator. These were available for the cultivation tests both fresh specimens yielded by recent autopsies upon human beings and monkeys and material preserved for periods ranging from a few days to months."

Began Last Year.

The new experiments in cultivation were begun in the summer of 1912, when many acute cases of poliomyelitis were being cared for in the hospitals of the Rockefeller Institute. Autopsies were performed upon many of the victims, and the material was carried out simultaneously upon fresh, sterile, or practically sterile (for ordinary bacteria) specimens derived from monkeys experimentally inoculated from both.

The authors explain that any part of the central nervous system is suitable for experimentation, but that the brain is to be preferred for the reason that it can be obtained more readily. The medium used for the purpose of culture is human ascitic fluid, that is, the fluid found in dropsical accumulations in the abdominal cavity. To this fluid is added a fragment of sterile (surgically clean) fresh tissue, and the mixture is placed in a sterile flask for proper cultivation. The germ isolated from the nervous organs of cases of poliomyelitis demands this ascitic fluid. It is necessary to exclude oxygen to obtain the initial culture. It is also necessary, or even essential, to use a medium with a layer of sterile paraffin oil in order to keep out the oxygen and keep the fluid sterile.

Next test tubes of a certain size are selected and into each of a series a piece of sterile kidney of the normal rabbit is placed. To each tube is added a fragment of corresponding size of the "cerebrum or other part of the brain or spinal cord." The sterile ascitic fluid mentioned above is poured in to the depth of five cubic centimeters to each tube. On top of this is poured four cubic centimeters of the sterile paraffin oil. The control tubes are in a series of one series containing ascitic fluid and brain fragments, and another series containing ascitic fluid and brain tissue without kidney tissue.

Some of the tubes are placed in jars and others are not. Those in the jars, the authors explain, should not be disturbed for from 7 to 12 days.

"Gross contaminations having been excluded," the writers continue, "the regular micro-organisms obtained from the following growth characteristics: At the expiration of about five days' incubation a faint opalescence of the ascitic fluid fragments of tissue at the bottom of the tube. The opalescence can be gradually diffused through the tube by gentle shaking."

At the expiration of ten or twelve days the opalescence of the medium in the tubes in which growth has been observed to take place begins to diminish as sedimentation sets in, during which minute, irregular particles form, heavy enough to fall slowly to the bottom of the tube."

Colonies Developed.

In short, colonies of the micro-organisms have developed.

"In a series of thirty-three experiments comprising thirteen specimens of brain tissue, two of brain emulsion and eighteen filtrates of brain and spinal cord from twenty-four animals infected from two different strains of human virus, an initial growth was obtained in nineteen instances, of which sixteen proved to be pure and three mixed cultures. Of these, pure subcultures were obtained thirteen times, namely, eight times from brain tissue, four times from filtrates and once only from emulsion."